JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1925

3D EVERY THURSDAY

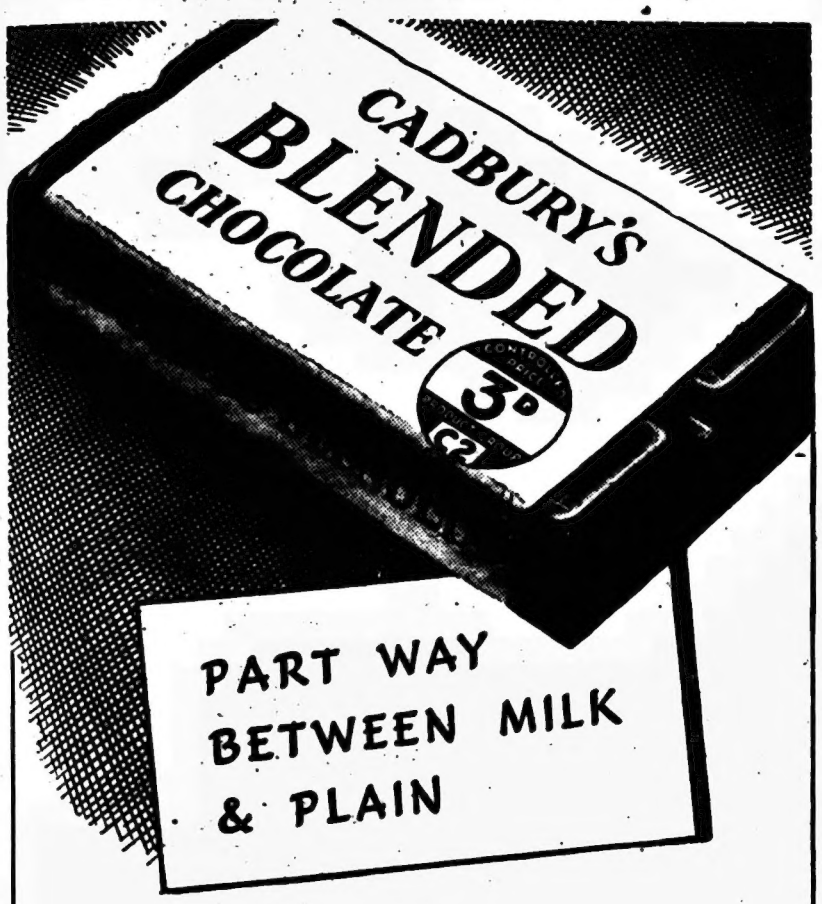
BILL WITHOUT CLAWS! by the EDITOR

BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC GAP

HITLER'S LAST CARDS By A.G.G.

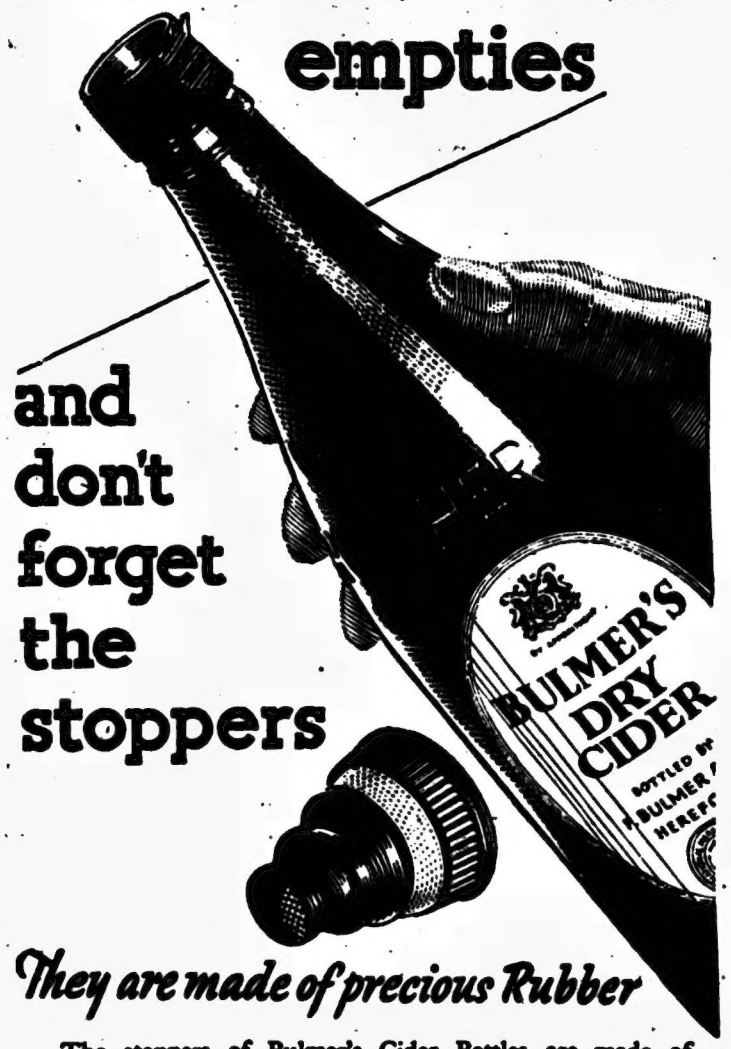
A WELCOME WARTIME DISCOVERY . . .

CADBURYS



Cadburys Blended Chocolate is part way between milk chocolate and plain chocolate. Blended Chocolate contains a proportion of *separated* milk. Fresh, full-cream milk is not now available for chocolate. Cadburys Blended will be greatly welcomed by those who like a mild and smooth chocolate. *Supplies, as of all other chocolate, will of course be limited. So, remember the children!*

Please return the empties



and don't forget the stoppers

They are made of precious Rubber

The stoppers of Bulmer's Cider Bottles are made of precious rubber, and once lost cannot be replaced. You are careful to screw the stopper back while the bottle is in use, be equally careful to replace it when the bottle is finished. Then when you return the 'empties' to your Dealer he will find them all present and correct.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD.

royds 52

HOME SERVICE

In the Prudential this means:

★ Attendance each week on policy-holders at about 5,000,000 homes.

★ Payment each week of £500,000 in claim moneys to policyholders at their homes, often within 24 hours.

★ Payment each week of £100,000 to members of The Prudential Approved Societies at their homes.

"Home Service" follows Prudential policy-holders and Approved Society members wherever they go. Holders of more than 2,500,000 policies change their addresses each year—continuity of "Home Service" is assured to them.

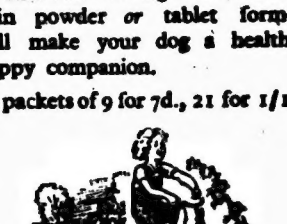
THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1

Healthy dogs make good companions

After a stop-at-home life all winter, your dog needs conditioning as a protection from the blood disorders caused by lack of exercise. A daily Bob Martin's—in powder *or* tablet form—will make your dog a healthy, happy companion.

In packets of 9 for 7d., 21 for 1/1½.



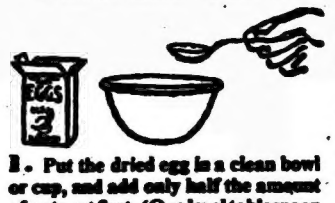
Bob Martin's Condition Powders or Tablets

MF FOOD FACTS

How to get that "new-laid" flavour with dried eggs!

Although the hens lay better at this time of year, who wouldn't be glad of an extra egg dish or two in the week's menus? Remember that dried eggs are pure fresh eggs with nothing added, only the shell and water removed.

3 STEPS FOR REAL FRESH-EGG RESULTS



1. Put the dried egg in a clean bowl or cup, and add only half the amount of water at first. (One level tablespoon of dried egg mixed with two tablespoons of water equals one fresh egg).

2. Work with a spoon against the side of the bowl till all lumps have disappeared and you have an absolutely smooth paste. Then add the remainder of the water and stir well till all is completely blended.

3. Now use exactly as if they were shell eggs. For scrambled eggs, proceed with your usual method, remembering that slow cooking is of great importance when you're using dried eggs.

You can get equally successful results in cooking, *if* you "reconstitute" the eggs properly—this just means putting the water back—*and* let the eggs cook slowly.

Follow the instructions here and you'll find you get that real "new-laid" flavour, just as if you'd used fresh shell eggs. Dried eggs make delicious scrambled eggs and omelettes, and you'll find them invaluable for cakes and puddings.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 147

MARMITE
ADDS GOODNESS AND FLAVOUR TO ALL SOUPS, STEWS, GRAVIES AND SAVOURY SANDWICHES
MARMITE
MARMITE
is a highly concentrated Extract of Yeast, providing Vitamins of the B group

"Is your journey necessary?"

Because you must walk more and new shoes cost coupons — make sure your repairer is giving you DRI-PED the guaranteed double wearing waterproof leather. To get more miles per sole is in the National interest. Look for the purple diamond trademark to be sure you are on the 'right thing.'

DRI-PED LEATHER

Your repairer's supplies are strictly rationed. Ask him to do his best.

DRI-PED LTD. Rose Hill Tonnery, BOLTON, LANCS.

Expressions of Satisfaction

"It's a piece of Cake"

It's "a piece of cake" to the R.A.F. boys when it's a job they can finish with satisfaction—a job they can get their teeth into.

A piece of cake was always something good. Today when so many good things have vanished it is doubly appreciated.

Cake is a splendid food, containing nourishing ingredients that the body needs.

CAKE & BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS WAR-TIME ALLIANCE LTD

A piece of Cake is satisfying

CVS—116

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 8, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

SHUT THEM DOWN

● **Fines have proved powerless to stamp out the trade in fake foods.**

Never before has the public been so tricked and exploited by the vendors of watery rubbish described as fruit juices, milk substitutes, flavouring essences, cocktails, vitamin preparations and the like.

There are, of course, reputable brands of all these commodities. They are not flattered by the worthless imitations which unfairly compete with them.

Sometimes the firms marketing these shams are prosecuted and fined. Usually, within a week or two they are offering new and equally spurious concoctions.

What is the remedy? JOHN BULL suggests that there is a simple one.

No person convicted of trading with a fake foodstuff should be allowed to take any further executive part in the food-and-drink business. The penalty for breaking this regulation would not be a fine, but imprisonment without the option!

Straight from the Shoulder

ON HIS TOES

CONVINCED that invasion is imminent, the enemy in Europe is as nimble on his toes as a ballet dancer suffering from the affliction of St. Vitus.

He is sending troops from one side of the continent to the other at the merest rumour. He is learning that we too can fight a war of nerves.

And he knows that it will be followed by a war of muscle and armour as surely as his finest troops are now being crushed in Africa.

Thunderbolt Attack

Watching from afar the end of the Tunisian holocaust, the Nazi High Command should have a clear vision of the thunderbolt that will be hurled at the nervous garrisons of Europe.

One hundred thousand shells between dawn and dusk. Fifteen hundred air sorties a day. Sixty-three tons of bombs on a single hill-top.

Such has been the strength exerted by Alexander.

Testing Ground

It has strained the enemy's sinews and his spirits. **For the first time** the morale of his troops has faltered, though we should be unwise to reckon that it will crack in the initial stages of our assault on Europe.

The Nazi leaders will sell their defeat dearly. Even in Tunisia, in the last throes of a losing battle, they have continued to send several thousand men a day by air to reinforce Von Arnim.

Heavy Losses

We have levied grim toll on their giant air transports. We have sent to the bottom more than half the ships they have despatched across the Mediterranean.

Our own losses, though considerable, have plainly been less than might have been expected.

Coming Soon!

It should not be long now before this bitter and bloody trial of strength is won.

We have made the tip of Africa a testing ground for our major effort in the war as the Axis made Spain a rehearsal stage for the beginning of the war.

And we can look forward with confidence to an early application of the lessons we have learned.

Elusive Paratroops

Judging by Axis reports, our paratroops are already in action.

In Norway, Austria, Bohemia and France, the enemy suggests, British landing parties have succeeded in avoiding capture, no doubt to reappear when the time is opportune.

In Yugoslavia, as we describe elsewhere, a full-scale war is in progress An opportunity for us!

Here and There

If we strike at the Balkans, the enemy must rush up troops from the west. If we attack in the north, he must draw upon his reserves in the south.

Imagine how we could make him scurry back and forth by opening *two* "Second Fronts" while launching feint attacks on far distant coasts!

Maginot Complex

Moreover, the Nazi overlords face another danger.

They seek to reassure their people by boasting of Europe's fortifications. Have they forgotten how the "Maginot Mind" sapped the resistance of France?

Supreme in the Air

But not for a single day can they forget that the R.A.F., with now-powerful support from the Americans, is softening the core of Axis resistance. Never was such might wielded by the *Luftwaffe*—not even when it attacked the undefended targets of Rotterdam and Belgrade.

Occasionally, it is true, there are gaps in our round-the-clock offensive. The explanation may well be that a very high authority has decided that our airmen need no longer risk their lives in bad flying conditions.

Out-Building Goering

Certainly it is not due to lack of planes or crews. Britain alone must now be producing far more aircraft than Germany and her Occupied States.

We shall need all we produce. We shall need, beyond doubt, to send scores of fighter squadrons and wings of heavy bombers to Burma if we are to follow our abortive campaign there by a successful large-scale offensive.

It would be wise, incidentally, for our leaders in London to learn at first-hand the views of Wavell and his subordinate-generals. The Far East demands closer attention than it has received in the past.

U-Boat Losses

But at last our attention to the Battle of the Atlantic holds promise of victory. Reading between the lines of German broadcasts, we may guess that the last month has not justified Von Doenitz's hopes.

We are making greater use of air power. We are employing devices which, though perhaps not novel, are effective. So our losses, tragic as they must be, are probably lighter than for years; whereas the loss of U-boats must be causing many frowns in the Wilhelmstrasse.

Russia Prepares

This much is certain: both Russia and Germany are preparing for a Spring Offensive on the Eastern Front.

For Hitler, it is a gambler's throw with no hope of reaching the oil his war machine must have. Yet his strategy is wise.

If the Russians could do so much in a winter offensive after a summer of long retreats, what might they not do in a summer after a winter of general advances?

The Polish Blunder

As for the trouble between Poland and Russia, may not this bane lead to a blessing?

Britain and the U.S.A. are seeking to pour oil on the swirling waters of misunderstanding and suspicion. Here is their chance to effect a full understanding with the Russian Government, not only on the Polish question, but on the larger problems of war and peace!

The Real Frontiers

What are the most important problems? Not those of State frontiers and political bargainings, as the Poles and other Central European peoples may still believe.

The biggest subjects that await solution are all economic, as JOHN BULL has consistently argued.

More fateful than the boundary between one country and another are the frontiers between poverty and riches, greed and contentment, justice and inequality.

Getting Together

Those frontiers must be torn down before any post-war settlement can offer the peace and prosperity for which men have toiled and fought.

It is not an impossible task. The frontiers were raised by man's stupidity and can be levelled by man's wisdom.

New Name

This month of May should be important in more than the military sense. In ten days' time, at the Virginian town of Hot Springs—a name that should find its way into the history books of the future—the United Nations will meet in conference.

They will be charged with the duty of planning to attain the Freedom from Want which President Roosevelt has urged upon mankind.

The Agenda

The British delegation will be led by a Minister—Mr. Richard Law; the British people will expect him to bring not only determination but imagination to the difficult questions before the Conference.

Those questions primarily concern the relief that must be given to the suffering peoples when peace is restored. But they will lead to bigger questions—how to set up and maintain standards of nutrition for all the peoples for all time!

Good Sign

Yet another gleam of hope shines from the land of Stars and Stripes. Despite the noisy opposition of isolationists, a Congress committee has approved renewal of the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act.

A dull title for a measure of co-operation that holds open the door for world-wide fairplay! But we should be foolish to let its title detract from its significance.

Financial Hurdle

There are still grave obstacles to surmount. In the realm of world finance it has yet to be decided whether the reform suggested by Lord Keynes or the counter-proposals of Wall Street shall prevail.

In our own country's domestic finances, too, we have yet to make Money the servant of Man and not his Master.

Beveridge is Best

What folly to wonder if we can "afford" the Beveridge Plan and other social reforms demanded by the people!

The means are available, but a more equal distribution of wealth is required. Let that be done, and we shall be able to afford more than the Beveridge Plan.

(Continued overleaf)

HUSBAND KILLED BY PIECE OF SHRAPNEL

Mr. H. C. Harman, a foreman compositor of Chichester, was following his employment during a recent daylight raid when he was killed by a piece of bomb shrapnel which came through the roof. In acknowledging cheque paid to her by "John Bull," his widow writes:

"May I express MY HEARTFELT GRATITUDE FOR THIS KIND AND GENEROUS ACT."

"John Bull" offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion, and Bombardment, as well as comprehensive Household Benefits.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE wrong people are still being called up, the right ones left to dodge.

One soldier is going about his duties with a note in his pocket which was issued a year ago by his senior medical officer. It says: "This man is permanently excused marching, regimental training and guards."

The reason? He has only one good eye; he has a crippled right foot.

Vital for What!

Yet he has been in the Army three years. His disabilities did not prevent him from doing full-time work in an aircraft factory. But they have prevented him from doing a single hour's military training since he was put into uniform.

Twice the aircraft firm has applied for his release, only to be told: "This man is vital to the Service."

Blundering On

Other call-up blunders are not so tragic, but they're just as serious.

The other week an East Ham widow got an employment call-up notice from the Ministry of Labour. She's eighty-one years old! About the same time a Doncaster man was asked to attend for interview at his Employment Exchange. He's been in the Forces ten months!

Artful Dodgers

If mistakes are made in calling people up, they're quite as likely to be made *in not calling people up.*

The dodgers are not all roped in yet. Nearly seven thousand citizens of Great Britain recently applied for permission to live in Northern Ireland. Because, of course, there's still no compulsory service there.

Job-Stealers

The dodgers not only escape the compulsory jobs they don't want here. They steal the jobs the local people want in Northern Ireland. Ulster has nearly 20,000 unemployed—in war time!

It is reasonable to assume that a good proportion of them would have work with their own local firms if the English dodgers had not arrived.

Needless Travel

What do the Minister of Labour and the Minister of War Transport talk about when they meet? Here's a matter they might settle between them:

A twenty-three-year-old girl—daughter of a Norwich reader—wanted to join the W.A.A.F.S. After five weeks she was told to travel to a Gloucestershire centre. She did.

Three days later she was home again, told by an officer that they were full up and she wasn't wanted.

Now On the "Dole"

She'd be better doing her own job at home, they said. But after travelling from one side of England to the other and back, her job in a clothing factory had gone. Not a unique experience!

Lord Leathers is doing his best to handle war time travel problems. Some underling in Mr. Bevin's Ministry of Labour is not helping much.

Good for Some

Another Minister is being hindered—the Chancellor of the Exchequer. M.P.s of all Parties praised his Budget the other week and especially his determined fight against inflation.

Somebody who's just been advertising in a Surrey newspaper does not seem to think inflation is a bad thing at all. He (or she) offers two woollen blankets for sale—at £12 10s.; and for two feather pillows the impudent price is £8.

Painting it Red

An Eastcote (Middlesex) reader wanted his seven-roomed house painted.

A West End firm sent along seven hefty men to do it. Bill: £105.

They had the paint and could get the price.

Profitable Shortage

Frequently we get letters from readers who painted their own houses when unemployment was rife, but now—with man-power so short—have to pay fabulous prices to get it done.

The reason's the same: the firms concerned get the paint, and they can't. The same is true of a host of other house-maintenance materials.

It's just another bit of Board of Trade bungling.

Send Him to Eton

Here's a school outfitter's experience of his delays in getting blazers, caps and hats to a particular school's style and colour.

For famous schools: almost immediate delivery. Fairly well-known schools: six weeks. Council schools (and many have their own distinctive coats and emblems): five months.

Behind the News

- **Sentences for listening to foreign broadcasts are no longer regularly published in the German Press. There are too many of them!**
- *But red posters announcing the execution of Germans are becoming more frequent in German towns.*
- New concentration camps for women dodgers of Nazi total mobilisation order have been set up.
- **Following the death of Eicke, Black Guard general killed on Russian front, violent rivalry has broken out among sub-leaders aspiring to his post.**
- *Nazi military and Gestapo headquarters in France, have been transferred to secret places near the German border.*
- Officials go in fear of their lives following threats that they will be kidnapped and taken to Britain.
- **Goering's new business venture aims at supreme control of all European black-markets "for Germany's good." Chief executive is his relative Colonel Veltsens.**
- *Air chiefs Sperrle and Kesselring have warned Berlin that unless they can get many better fighter squadrons, their African air demoralisation may be repeated in Sicily and Italy.*
- On an average, one factory a day in Denmark working for Germany suffers serious damage by sabotage, it is officially admitted.
- **Trying again to secure co-operation from Alsace-Lorraine, Nazis have reprieved 500 patriots sentenced to death—which shows extent of anti-Nazi feelings. Alsace is "key" area of western Europe and hinge of Maginot and Siegfried lines.**

- **Government contract costs, we are told, have been pared to the bone. We wish we could believe it.**

A private firm undertook the catering on an East Anglian aerodrome site, paying their manager £3 a week.

The contractors building the aerodrome agreed to find the kitchen hands, and the canteen manager's wife was appointed to wash up and peel the potatoes.

Her first week's wages—Government money—were £7 12s.

Willing to Help

A lot of the big schools were quick to co-operate when the Board of Education asked them to relax their dress rules. The headmasters realised the supply position and parents' difficulties with coupons.

There wasn't even much of a fight—except from the diehards—when school ties had to change in shade because of dyeing difficulties. There shouldn't be any diehards. Everyone knows there's a value in dress uniformity at school; but there are ways round tradition.

School Sense

Blazers made in Britain for one of Italy's most famous colleges (and never sent) have been "adopted" by a Greater London council school.

The cost is about half the normal for such coats, and even then an intelligent headmistress has a fund to enable the poorest mother to equip her child.

Which settles the vexed problem of giving every child pride of school without sticking a barb into the heart of the poor woman who just can't afford it.

For Snobs Only

Pride of school is a good thing. Educational snobbery is a bad thing that ought to have died away in war time. Yet a Suffolk farmer calmly invites "educated men and women" to help him this summer.

He says the work is of national importance. So it is. He wants these "educated" persons to pick fruit. It sounds as if no one without a university degree need apply.

Plenty of working men could do well with a few days in the country on a job like this. Does it need a scholar to pick strawberries?

Silk in Plenty

It'll be a happy week that goes by without news of some blundering waste of the country's materials.

Women cheerfully wear laddered stockings or go bare-legged on an icy day when they're told it's helping us to win.

But a lot of women were not so cheerful about it at a seaside town lately. A local skipper had recovered a barrage balloon that came down in the sea.

Left to Rot

A message was sent to the nearest R.A.F. station; some officers came to look at the balloon. They left it lying on the quayside and said they'd send for it.

Three weeks later the balloon was still there. Or at least what was left of it.

Because the high tides soon rotted enough of the fabric to help with a good few wardrobes.

Wary Mr. Morrison

There's a strong case for allowing men in the Services to marry by proxy. Last time Mr. Morrison was asked about it he was very cautious.

He admitted there were many cases of hardship when men were sent abroad at very short notice, but the Government was not prepared to change the marriage laws even though it meant saving a good number of respectable girls from worry, perhaps from misery.

Church Support

The women Members will be taking the matter up again in the Commons. And, judging from the letters we've been getting, they'll have still more support from the Church.

At least from those churchmen who have really taken the trouble to find out what difficulties the war can bring.

More Bigamy

In the meantime, there's a way in which a different Service problem ought to be settled—the problem of protecting young women from the sort of man who forgets he's married when he joins up.

"Wherever I go," says Mr. Justice Stable, "the calendar is full of cases of Servicemen with wives and families humbugging women into bigamous marriage ceremonies."

Easy Solution

The remedy does not involve any radical change in the marriage laws. Simply make it a rule that a soldier must produce his Army paybook when he wants to get married.

That would cramp the style of would-be bigamists.

Won't Pay Officer

Another Service problem is not so easy to solve. The authorities say they can't find an answer; we say they'll have to.

This is what happened to the wife of a squadron-leader in the R.A.F. Last year she was given a court order for 35s. a week. Her husband didn't appear. Nor did he pay.

Later he got the amount reduced, but he still didn't pay anything. And because he holds a commission the courts can do nothing. His superiors will not intervene.

Cold Comfort

They say he has an allowance for his children by an earlier marriage—as he's entitled to have under King's Regulations. There's nothing they can do to compel him to maintain his second wife.

"They're sorry," they say, "to have to reply so disappointingly."

Sympathy isn't much use to the wife. She's had to pay a lot of lawyers' fees to find out that she can't get a penny.

Milk Mystery—

Milkmen are doing their best to be fair in their distribution. We're sure of that, though a lot of our readers are not. They write to say that a family in the next street but one gets more than its share.

"I've got two young children, yet I never seem to be able to get a little extra milk," a housewife wrote this week. "My sister-in-law lives three minutes' walk from me, and she's often favoured."

—And the Answer

It's probably not favouritism at all. A milkman solved this reader's mystery for us in the next post. "How do I know whether I'm going to have any surplus milk till I get near the end of my round?" he said.

"Some of my customers think they're badly treated, but the fact is they just live at the wrong end of my morning delivery. I try to do my best, but I can't always pretend to do double journeys."

WITHOUT FEAR OF

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the EDITOR

BILL WITHOUT CLAWS!

COMMITTED to the building of a new Britain after the war, the Government has not yet laid the foundations for this mighty enterprise.

It has announced no bold policy of national reconstruction. Its good intentions have no clear-cut national plan behind them.

Without these things we can look forward to nothing but a continuance of overcrowding, squalor and waste.

The housing shortage is serious enough today, but when the war is over we shall need *at least* 4,000,000 new homes.

The Government is aware of this. The recent White Paper on the Building Industry shows willingness to tackle a big job in a big way.

A ten-year building programme, to cost £500,000,000 a year, is envisaged, and Mr. Bevin hopes to expand the building industry with 500,000 recruits to a total of 1,250,000 workers.

So far, so good, but the mere provision of labour and funds, even assuming both to be adequate, will not solve the problem.

For this country not only needs new homes, but homes of the right kind in the right setting.

It needs to abolish slums and end overcrowding for good. And this will necessitate replanning on a national scale.

Huddled towns will have to be spaced anew; sprawling cities must not be allowed to sprawl still further into the countryside; and perhaps a hundred or more *new* towns will have to be built on wisely chosen sites.

Of this, too, the Government is uneasily aware. Hence the establishment of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning and the new (Interim Development) Bill of the same name.

UNFORTUNATELY, the Ministry's powers are nebulous, and the Bill, for all its thirteen clauses, has no claws.

It is less a measure than a half-measure. It aims, by some extended control of land development, to hold off speculators until the Government can formulate a policy.

Whether it will achieve even this limited objective is open to doubt, but, in any case, this Bill marks no real advance in policy or planning.

And yet, ready to hand, there is an instrument which would secure both—the Uthwatt Report, presented in its final form eight months ago!

Consider the facts. The Uthwatt Committee was set up some two years ago and presented its interim report in the summer of 1941, urging *immediate* legislation to prevent building which might interfere with national planning.

Lord Reith approved its proposals in July of that year, and, twelve months ago, Lord Portal announced that this "*fortifying legislation*" was being prepared.

The final report made stronger and more positive recommendations. Had it been adopted, it would have given the State the power to take over development rights in all land outside built-up areas.

It would have empowered it to veto undesirable building schemes and to purchase whatever land might be wanted for public purposes or approved private development.

But it has not been adopted—yet. We should like to know why.

We anticipate a big housing debate in Parliament in the course of the next few days.

When it takes place we suggest that Members would do well to ask the following pertinent questions:—

Is it not a fact that the Uthwatt Report was passed by the Government to a committee of high-ranking Civil Servants for examination?

Did not that committee unanimously recommend the Government to accept all the main proposals—including the one for State purchase of development rights in undeveloped land?

Is it not also true that when the committee's recommendations were placed before the responsible Ministers some of them were much perturbed, and took appropriate steps to damp down the enthusiasm of their subordinates?

JOHN BULL believes that, if these questions were frankly answered, the House would come to the conclusion that the Government has lacked the courage to give battle to the property owners and the other vested interests.

Sooner or later, however, this battle *must be fought and won.* For, if we shirk it, we shall condemn this generation and perhaps many others to planless chaos.

The general public has a poor memory and is short of facts. It may not remember, for instance, that even before this war there were some 200,000 houses scheduled as "unfit for human habitation"!

The Ministry of Health has certainly invited local authorities to acquire sites for their first year's post-war programme.

But how *can* local authorities make any worth-while plans without knowing the Government's national policy; without having power to acquire necessary sites or to restrict unnecessary development; and without any sort of positive guidance from the top?

If any local authorities *should* "take a chance" now on the Ministry's advice, they would almost inevitably tend to force the growth of their local towns on "the old pre-war lines of suburban expansion."

This danger has been clearly foreseen by the Town and Country Planning Association, at whose recent annual meeting it was stated that:—

"Without a national planning policy . . ." this country will again have to face "the awful choice between tenement blocks and strap-hanging to distant suburbs."

But we shall be a nation of weaklings if we accept this hideous alternative. Nineteen people out of every twenty in the country want *separate* houses and *not* flats.

At least as big a majority looks to the Government to provide:—

Green belts for recreation and food-growing round all our towns.

Good and cheap accommodation for industrial workers *near* the factories which employ them.

Maintenance of all the best agricultural land for farming, and the provision, not of 3,000 up-to-date farm labourers' houses, but of 30,000 or more. *And*—

A bold, nation-wide scheme for the redistribution of industry in such a way as to avoid overcrowding on the one hand and derelict areas on the other.

JOHN BULL endorses the Labour contention that the building of the new Britain, which we all desire, demands both a short-term and a long-term programme, which must be in harmony one with the other.

FOR the former, as we have urged repeatedly in previous articles, the Government would do well to take the following immediate steps:—

Acquire all big, empty houses in the principal towns and turn them into flats for rental at reasonable rates.

Expand its programme for rehousing farm labourers by 1,000 per cent. and give this building programme absolute priority. And—

Tighten up all regulations against rent profiteering, "key money," and the various housing rackets with the utmost vigour.

There is no time to lose. New slums are being created *now* before the old ones have been cleared, and local authorities, however well-intentioned, are powerless to act without full Government backing and clear direction.

Courageous national planning could give us homes for heroes to be proud of. Without it we are doomed to another generation of hideous stop-gap building.

Square Deal for—Square Pegs

AT last the end of one of life's little tragedies is in sight.

An apparently insuperable problem facing industry through the centuries has been that of the square peg in a round hole.

Now it seems that Dr. Doncaster G. Humm, a Los Angeles psychologist, and Guy T. Wadsworth, an American personnel manager, have solved it between them.

★ ★ ★

Their system, worked out over a period of years, is based on a series of 318 standard questions which, when answered by applicants for a job, reveal all that needs to be known about their suitability.

It sounds easy like that, but it wasn't so easy to find the right questions.

Humm and Wadsworth started with 2,000, and it took them the best part of three years to whittle those 2,000 down to the present basic 318.

One of their greatest troubles was that applicants, fearing a catch, wouldn't answer the questions honestly.

That trouble has been cured by wording the questions with such skill that they appear quite innocent.

The system is already having a great influence on war production in the United States, as two instances out of many will show.

One is the huge Lockheed concern, which builds some of the world's most famous aircraft.

Under the Humm-Wadsworth system, Lockheed have tested something like 250,000 applicants—mostly unskilled young men—and have placed the chosen applicants in the categories advised by the experts conducting the questioning.

The result is that Lockheed's production rate per man is 20 per cent. above that for the industry as a whole!

These figures, startling in their implications, immediately led to many other factories, industries and companies adopting the system

How one of them did so provides our second instance.

★ ★ ★

Sixty young men, engineer graduates, had been chosen to receive expensive training at a special flying school as pilots for United Air Lines.

The president of United Air Lines privately arranged with Humm and Wadsworth to test the young men.

Having considered the answers to the routine questions, Humm and Wadsworth picked out seven names stating that those seven would never make good pilots.

The president kept this information to himself, not even revealing it to the flying school's instructors.

When the course of instruction came to an end, six of the seven had been turned down, and the seventh had changed his mind and wanted to become a professor!

The system was promptly adopted by United Air Lines.

★ ★ ★

The social angle is even more important than the increased efficiency in terms of output. The system makes certain that every man is happily employed in the job that suits his temperament—a hitherto impossibly idealistic goal.

At the moment the idea is spreading rapidly through the United States, and it seems inevitable that after the war it will become a world-wide basis for the testing of all grades and classes of workers

And before many years have passed the unhappy square-peg-in-a-round-hole worker should become yet another relic of a none too efficient social past.

OPEN LETTERS

Every week, every taxpayer gives an I O U to the Chancellor—and half the money we have in the bank belongs to him!

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—I'm sure that you dislike debt as much as I do. Yet, because of the present method of collecting income tax, you insist on millions of men and women living constantly under the shadow of debt to the State.

They are always in arrears with their payments. And there is little doubt that, if you decided to call in those tax debts to-day, many people, rich and poor, would be unable to pay.

This is not only bad economics—it is anti-social.

Perhaps you have never looked upon the system like that. Other men—dare I say more enlightened men?—have not only realised those evils, they have drawn up plans to end them.

"Pay-as-you-go" income tax is the basis of those plans. How much better it sounds than "pay-as-you-owe." Canada has given the lead by adopting that plan. And now the U.S.A. seems about to follow suit.

The scheme is not new to you. Last year, when you referred to it, you said it was neither practical nor desirable.

But early this year you changed your mind and announced that your advisers were examining the matter and had not ruled it out of their deliberations.

Justice and common-sense dictate that the plan is worth more than deliberation.

Many a man in the Fighting Services is worried by the problem of how he is going to pay arrears of tax when he returns to civilian life. Over him there are two shadows—one of death, one of debt.

One of those shadows would be swept away if you had vision and courage enough to adopt the "pay-as-you-go" idea.

The real snag, of course, is that year's arrears so far as civilians are concerned. How could the State so adjust matters that individuals would not suffer?

Beardsley Ruml, leading U.S. banker, proposed that the State should skip a year of income tax and begin immediately on a "pay-as-you-go" basis.

Anyway, the snag is not insuperable. Canada has overcome it. America is likely to do so.

Surely we are as enlightened as those young cousins of ours across the Atlantic? Can't we do it, too?—JOHN BULL.

P.S.—Ruml is called in the States the anti-debt hero of 1943. How does the title of Britain's anti-debt hero appeal to you?

The BRITISH DIVISION, U.S. Office of War Information

GENTLEMEN,—You have had the courage to rebuke the Hollywood screen magnates for inaccuracies in scenes depicting English life in recent films.

You probably realise, as I do, that the cinema is, perhaps, the most important of the many links between my country and yours.

Neither of the nations can afford to have misconceptions or misunderstandings about the other. We have a job in hand that will take us all our strength and unity to finish.

And there is the equally big job of reconstruction to follow.

Film-makers, here and in America, must regard the screen as more than a money-maker. It is an educational force which can dispel ignorance, and put our two peoples in true and friendly perspective, one with the other.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD WOOLTON, Minister of Food

MY LORD,—It is reported—and I hope the reports are true—that your Ministry is considering a scheme under which consumers may have to register with retailers for fish supplies.

The fish racket, as you must agree, has been going on for too long. Favoured customers are supplied without queueing.

Under-the-counter sales are so common that even fishmongers who have no part in the racket are suspect.

There are difficulties about the registration plan. No man can guarantee supplies of fish; but you can try to guarantee a fair distribution of the fish that is landed. Give the scheme a trial.

You'll not only stop hotels, restaurants and privileged customers getting more than their share of fish; you'll also earn the gratitude of hundreds of thousands of women whose feet grow weary as they stand in that modern abomination, the queue.—JOHN BULL.

GENERAL KOELZ, Operational C.-in-C. the French Army in Tunisia

MON GENERAL,—Your name is unfamiliar to millions of people in Britain. It should not be.

Instead, it should be linked with those of Montgomery and Anderson; for under your leadership the French Army has played a magnificent part in thrusting the Axis forces ever more relentlessly towards the Mediterranean sea.

A great convoy of supplies from America helped to equip your men. This is the set-up Hitler fears—Frenchmen fighting with American guns alongside Britain's armies.

You and your men are the spearhead of all those subjugated peoples who await the day when they, too, will take up arms against the Axis.

I feel that that spearhead, shining and deadly, will bring still more glory to the France you love and cherish. *A toi!*—JOHN BULL.

Rear-Admiral A. L. St. GEORGE LYSTER, Commanding Aircraft Carriers, Home Fleet

DEAR ADMIRAL,—Often in the past the Admiralty and the Royal Navy have been harshly—sometimes unfairly—criticised as lacking in enterprise and initiative.

Men like you give the lie to the critics. Because of your convictions and your vision there are great aircraft carriers at sea to-day housing Seafires—Spitfires turned sailor and the fastest ship-borne fighters in the world.

You pleaded and persuaded and fought the authorities before they let you go ahead with your tests. You had failures and disappointments. But you persevered.

And the fruits of your perseverance are the sound and sight of Fighter Plane No. 1 over oceans far away from land.

When those machines take off Britain rules more than the waves. She bosses the sky above the waves.

Two words will express my thanks—"Well done!"—JOHN BULL.

Publicans and Grabbers

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pollgs

IN some ways we are a mighty people. The days after Dunkirk proved that. So did the terror-haunted nights of the blitz. And, if further proof were needed, the deeds of the Eighth Army are enough to satisfy the most confirmed doubter.

Yet, in other ways, we can be a meek, inoffensive people, putting up with petty persecutions and slight injustices without taking action to rid ourselves of them.

★ ★ ★

Men mostly are to blame. Here is an instance:

To-day the man who likes his drink is being exploited by greedy publicans. Prices of Scotch in the West End pubs—hotels are different—vary from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 7d. a nip. The publicans charging the latter price will, if challenged with profiteering, plead that they had to pay anything up to 35s. a bottle, instead of the legal price of 25s. 9d.

It is a difficult point to counter. Undoubtedly there are publicans who, for the sake of keeping their trade together and of maintaining the good will of their customers, do pay "over the odds"—and pass on the extra charge.

They have only themselves to blame. They help to create the black market in whisky, and the drinkers who pay the extra twopence or threepence a nip must also bear a part of the guilt.

All this leads up to the question of equity. Why should the brewers or the State permit this exploitation of the public?

★ ★ ★

Lord Woolton fixes the price of flour and of bread. Would a baker dare put an extra halfpenny on the price of a loaf? And would any housewife in the country pay that extra halfpenny?

Retail prices are controlled, whether they apply to rhubarb or lighter fuel, sauces or Spring cabbage. There are penalties for the tradesmen who charge more than those prices. No tobacconist could get away with another halfpenny on a packet of fags. And the tobacco trade, in happier days, showed how to deal with the cut-rate shopkeepers.

Brewers and distillers could easily stop supplies of beer and spirits to publicans whose greed is squeezing out of the pockets of the drinker just as much money as they think he will pay.

I know two pubs in the same locality. Both sell the same gravity beer. Yet, when the new prices came into operation one publican put his beer up a penny a pint. The other increased his price by twopence.

★ ★ ★

Surely there is some redress! I hold no brief for the drinker or the publican. You may argue that if the man who likes his drink doesn't like the price—well, let him give up the habit.

I don't care a rap whether he does or not. But I do care when unprincipled grabbers are allowed, without check, to swell bank accounts at the expense of Bill Smith's pints or Mr. Blank's nips of Scotch.

★ ★ ★

If the price of a bottle of whisky can be controlled it should not be beyond the ingenuity of the trade itself to control pub prices. Honest publicans—and they are many—would welcome that control. They realise that the acts of the money grabbers are injuring the good name of the trade.

The problem is not easy. Factors like rates, rents, overheads must be considered. An economic price in a village pub would be ruinous in the West End of London.

But the problem can be solved. The trade or the State? Either or both can put matters right.

★ *To prove 'Romm*
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every man.

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It had multiplied by fifteen time
by the end of three years.

We put part of one in a quar
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of the Pyramids 4,000 years ago.

How they Dug

We unearthed one block of
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New-Type War for the 8th Army

★ *To prove Rommel no superman, our "desert rats" had to plan a new type of battle under a new leader. Heroism, determination and vast supplies were all needed to begin that great advance which is now ending*

Atop a tank with a staff officer, Montgomery surveyed the scene of his coming triumph

MONTY'S CONQUERORS—3

★

By MAURICE FAGENCE

BRITAIN was shocked, stunned.

Our Army was back on the Egyptian frontier—all save the force that stayed behind to make history in the long siege of Tobruk.

Was Rommel a superman—were the men of his two armoured divisions supermen too—that they should have turned the tables so soon after their arrival in North Africa?

How our authorities must have longed to tell the secrets which could only be revealed in full when—as now—the victory of our Eighth Army was complete.

Bigger-than-Ever War

I have already told you two of those secrets—that we had had to rush to the aid of Greece men we could ill spare and that we had set for the autumn of 1942—eighteen months hence—our full-scale offensive for the smashing of Rommel.

We knew we could not do it before.

We knew that in the autumn of 1942 we should need a Royal Army Service Corps in the field with more vehicles than the London Metropolis of eight million people.

And when the war began we had had just five Mechanical Transport Companies in the Middle East—just 822 men and 294 vehicles, approximately the strength of a battalion!

We knew now that this was going to be a different war—that we'd have to snatch our broken-down tanks from under the enemy's nose, repair them under fire, or fail ignominiously.

That we'd have to keep fully armed, on a scale hitherto undreamt of, the most mobile army ever put in the field—wherever that army cared to go in this vast ocean of desert.

That there'd have to be a "lift" for every man.

And this was the rub—when war broke out the static establishment out there of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps was as small as that of the R.A.S.C.—and mainly concerned with handling rifles and bayonets!

Just as the skilled men necessary were getting through, France fell. Our losses of experts were so big that we could spare them only in driblets.

We tried native labour—which meant our ordnance men taking classes every day and doing the work of supplying the army between spells of teaching—a hideous necessity with a war raging.

It was just impossible. You couldn't even teach them to recognise a truck axle. You certainly couldn't get them to recognise the 600 parts of a 25-pounder, or know that with one missing our miracle gun was no better a weapon than a carpet-sweeper.

We had to start without a Base Ordnance Depôt. A Base Ordnance Depôt can't grow like a mushroom. It has the scope and size of a huge factory, or would have if you didn't have to disperse it over miles of countryside.

It took us 18 months to build the first. It had multiplied by fifteen times in size by the end of three years.

We put part of one in a quarry from which stone was taken for the building of the Pyramids 4,000 years ago.

How they Dug

We unearthed one block of stone, 30 ft. by 10 ft. by 5 ft., standing on the original rollers on which the labourers of ancient Egypt had intended to trundle it to the Pyramids. That shows how our men dug!

We realised all our deficiencies, back there on the Egyptian frontier, smarting from our first reverse.

We knew we had to plan big—and yet to give meticulous attention to the tiniest detail.

That knowledge was one day going to stand us in good stead, for there came a day when the question of whether we had 50 tanks in a particular battle or none at all depended on ordnance getting into the thick of the battle with a mere 7 cwt. of spares.

We knew there was so much to do out in the desert when we drove the enemy out again—if we were going to hold it. And hold it we had to if we were going to win this war.

We should want petrol on a hundred times bigger scale. And it wasn't just a question of sending the petrol.

We laid down our own plant for making 4-gallon petrol cans.

We always preferred to make a thing ourselves, if it were possible. We never forgot we were at the end of the longest lines of communication in history.

"Half-inched" Italian Wire

As instance when we wanted telephone wire—badly.

"Easy," said the R.E.s. "Blimey, out there the 'Ities' are using wire five times as thick as it need be—too thick to be efficient. They must have intended to run tram-cars across the desert. We'll get it."

They got it. They "half-inched" it by the mile, and, putting it through our own wire-drawing plant at Cairo, got enough wire for our immediate requirements.

We never forgot our brave force holding on to Tobruk.

We planned to run the railway right through to them, when the chance came.

It did come, of course. Our R.E.s laid 300 miles of it at the rate of three miles a day—which meant putting down metals and points, building bridges, sidings, platforms and stations, and keeping the rails above sand at treacherous points.

That enabled us to run a dozen trains a day along that line, each with scores of coaches. There was even the Alexandria-Tobruk express, which broke no records but always arrived to time.

These things we planned as the Nazi propagandists built up Rommel into an almost legendary figure.

And we knew by now what would be the problem of supplying water in the desert, when we got out there again.

Our Army would need at least 5,000 tons a day—tons, not gallons! Four-fifths of it would have to come from the Nile, for the desert isn't generous with water. We'd want a pipe-line carrying at least 2,500 tons a day to Tobruk.

That plan, too, was realised.

Here, surely, is a moment for reflection.

Didn't you once do our Eighth Army the injustice of thinking that it was out-generalled and out-soldiered—even defeated—by Rommel and his fanatic horde?

Do you think so now?

On November 18, 1941, we attacked again—this time under General Auchinleck.

It was *not* the big attack for which we planned, as I have told you, two years ahead.

But there must have been a time when we thought that big attack would never be necessary.

For now it was Rommel's turn to go back. Back across Cyrenaica, to El Agheila and still on and on into the blue.

Our Tobruk lads were back in the fold again, after an eight months' siege which impressed the world—even the Germans.

It was victory, unquestionable victory. But we were not strong enough to cripple the enemy. He was, indeed, strong enough to push us back just sufficiently to get the full use of certain supply ports, notably Benghazi.

That was our undoing.

For four months each army strove to make itself strong enough to finish off the other.

Mounting Strength

But *he* had the shorter supply lines. We saw his strength mount alarmingly.

And on June 2, 1942, he attacked.

It was a miracle how stubbornly we held—and for how long. Outnumbered as we were, the issue was always in doubt until the fateful day when we lost a disproportionate part of our armour in the tank battle—and then back it had to be. Back past Sidi Barrani, past Mersa Matruh and then another hundred miles to El Alamein, where General Auchinleck, who had himself taken over the tactical direction of the battle, called for a stand along the forty-mile front from the sea to the impassable salty marsh known as the Quattara Depression.

Enter Montgomery

And there to stay until the autumn, when the Great Offensive with two years' ceaseless organisation behind it was due to begin.

In July Montgomery arrived. At last the two chief protagonists were in the ring.

They had been great days indeed since Rommel's arrival eighteen months before.

We found it almost as easy to play havoc with the nerves of the Afrika Korps as we had done with the Italians.

Our Long Range Desert Patrols turned up hundreds of miles behind the enemy lines, fought, and disappeared.

Once one of these patrols shot down a German airman miles behind his own lines. Solemnly protesting that we had no right to be there, he went sulky!

Our Jock columns (the invention of Brigadier Jock Campbell, later Major-General Campbell, V.C.) played the ghost army—finding the enemy, testing his strength, puzzling him, keeping him on the jump, inflicting losses, dispersing his "soft" transport, and disorganising his supplies and lines of communication.

Never were so many of our enemies fooled so often by so few!

Our tank crews used the same tactics. The tank of Sergt. Maile, D.C.M., M.M., 10th Hussars, found itself near a German Mark III when it had nothing but H.E. ammunition, supposed to be useless against tanks—particularly the much-vaunted German heavy article.

So it swerved round the enemy till it could put one through the open engine-cover, whereupon that tank went up in a column of smoke.

I have before me a note by Sergeant Maile on that last retreat before Montgomery arrived. He says:

"It was a retreat, but no defeat. We went back because a retreat was ordered. But we never lost contact with the enemy. We were always fighting.

"The enemy pushed out his forces again and again to test our resolution.

"Always we shot him up, and he withdrew his tanks to the shelter of the nearest ridge. He wanted to over-run us, but he saw our determination, and he never dared to make the attempt.

"So we got to El Alamein."

So we got to El Alamein.

I hope I haven't over-stressed our blessings. They were cruelly hard days. We lost the three great fighting leaders of the Motorised Brigades:

"Straffer" Gott, "Jock" Campbell, V.C., and Lord Garmoyle—all dead.

Soldiers' Privilege

The men of those brigades fought the classic desert warfare—but had the one vanity: "We are desert rats." To be a desert rat is to be something of an aristocrat out there to-day. I hope it always will be among these men.

The Eighth Army hardly likes you to mention the names of those three leaders, even in tribute, unless you are a soldier.

They loved their men.

NEXT WEEK:
Montgomery-Rommel Duel Begins

Write to "John Bull" About it

★ Not only our rations but final victory depend on the "Seek and Strike" men—the air crews who are fighting the biggest anti-U-boat war in history. Here are some of the thrilling stories behind their struggle to beat the Nazis in this—

Vital Battle of the Atlantic Gap

By JOHN CASHEL

MEN of the R.A.F.'s own Silent Service are now making their supreme effort to narrow The Gap.

The Battle of the Gap—those few hundred miles somewhere in mid-ocean beyond the range of air patrol—is the crux of the Atlantic war against the U-boat.

How soon the airmen can stretch their wings to cover it will help to decide not only the size of our next winter's rations, but the final victory over Hitler.

Two-Way War

Some of the R.A.F.'s most modern and powerful aircraft are being pressed into service to halve the gap from this side of the Atlantic.

From the other side the Americans are straining with their improved four-engined craft to take their bite out of it.

Both have machines that, flying straight, can easily half-cross the ocean and return home again—but not just yet with that extra mileage to spare by which they could patrol slow-moving convoys through the danger zone.

When they can both "stooge around" and meet in mid-ocean the Gap will be bridged and a decisive chapter written in the war's grimmest romance.

It began in September, 1939. The R.A.F.'s "baby," Coastal Command, then only two years old and born in a drab little Bloomsbury office, was so short of aircraft that it used even "scarecrow patrols" to fight submarines.

They were those ancient Tiger Moth trainers which, unarmed, drove U-boats below the surface by diving on them!

Bit by bit, with the few available modern Sunderlands, untried Hudsons and obsolescent Ansons, the area of patrol was extended to hundred or two miles from our coasts.

Gradually, hundred after hundred of miles were added to the radius till to-day few U-boats show themselves in daylight for five hundred miles from our bases.

Patrols now extend much farther than that; The Gap is only half what it was a year ago, though the last half is the hardest to overreach of all.

Who Are They?

Who are the "Seek and Strike" men—those waging the greatest 'plane *v.* submarine war in history—they who have driven the U-boats to attack beyond air cover in The Gap?

Hitherto it has been difficult to name even half a dozen aces among them; for the terror-war from the air that sends U-boats under water or out of range brings no individual honours.

Dead submarines too often tell no tales to bring renown. Many are attacked; few certified as sunk, and then probably not till long afterwards.

One pilot whose achievements may rank him as No. 2 U-boat killer cannot even be named as such or his latest claims mentioned.

One of our Wellingtons did this, but the pilot can't be certain of a "kill"

Confirmation of his reported successes may come in a month, six months, a year—or never at all!

But there's top-scoring Squadron Leader Terence Malcolm Bulloch, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, known as "The bull with the hawk's eye."

His outstanding exploit was to attack seven out of eight U-boats he sighted in a single day—a unique chance to come any hunter's way. That brought his total attacks up to twenty, including several credited "kills."

He is now having a "breather," ferrying bombers across his happy hunting-grounds.

Well Earned Title

Another ace whose facility for spotting his prey has earned him the title of "The U-boat Magnet" and a D.F.C. and bar, is a cheery Australian, Flight - Lieutenant Harold Graham Pockley.

Within six months he destroyed two and damaged three submarines, sank an R-boat and damaged a 6,000-ton motor ship.

In his massive Sunderland flying-boat he "dive-bombed" one submarine, hitting it several times in the ensuing gun battle.

He didn't call it daring: just "sheer hard work, determination and some skill."

"Red" Esler—the nickname his hair has earned for Flying Officer Samuel Eric Esler, D.F.C., a Northern Irelander—once sold cars and now flies Liberators.

Besides severely damaging two U-boats, he has thrice brought his heavy four-engined craft safely home after almost continuous blind flying in foulest weather.

Blind flying is one of the special nightmares of the "Seek and Strike" men. It is impossible frequently to chart the weather accurately over all the long distances they cover and throughout all the tedious hours they patrol at a stretch.

One pilot's experience in the north-western Atlantic is typical of such hazards when the weather deteriorates.

After leaving his base he was ordered to return, but it was several hours later before he picked up the signal.

Returning, he had to wireless for no fewer than seventy-three "fixes" to keep him on his course, and finally when near his base was told the weather there was "down on deck."

Just in Time

Cruising blindly around, he at last struck a clear patch that proved to be a "funnel" through the cloudbank.

For 7,000 feet he spiralled down till he came out of it 100 feet from the ground, just in time to pull out of his dive and miss a crash.

In this silent service of unknowns three flight-sergeants who have left their mark on U-boats are hunters of great promise.

English-born C. D. Aidney, from far Fiji; Liberator pilot Peter Cundry, of Thorpness, Suffolk; and Canadian W. D. Hall, from Winnipeg, the unluckiest.

He tripped up and broke his leg when leaving his hotel to go before a selection board to be considered for a commission. Then, when it had been mended, he fell down the hospital steps and broke it again!

Some U-boat hunters are now hush-hush men at the planning-desks, where their experience is helping to improve offensive methods and tactics.

New instruments and devices are being introduced, and contact between air and sea escorts drawn closer.

A balanced picture is making clear the airman's successes and limitations.

In his terror-tactics, his sightings count as much as his sinkings by driving the U-boats from where he flies.

He has made it a nerve-racking job for convoy attackers to get within the desired half-mile before firing their "fish."

"Keeping 'em down" neutralises the increased surface high speeds of seventeen to twenty knots claimed for some of the newest U-boats.

Sightings enable the airman to call up corvettes and other anti-submarine ships which, detecting their prey on the Asdic, can sit over it and depth-charge it for many hours on end.

This offensive, all under the Navy's operational control over six million square miles of sea from Arctic to mid-Atlantic, is but part of the anti-U-boat war.

Easier Hunting

Many Coastal-trained men are operating in the Mediterranean command, where in clearer and more confined waters the hunting is easier.

Bombing the U-boats in their slipways, docks and factories absorbs a big proportion of the R.A.F.'s other striking forces.

One estimate is that over half its total bomber strength is engaged in attacking submarine and additional naval targets.

And every day still more is being mobilised to win the crucial mid-Atlantic task—the closing of The Gap!

HITLER'S LA

★ *He rose by means. Now, politics d*

THE fog that envelops the personality of Hitler thickens. It is as impenetrable to the Germans as it is to us, and far more disturbing. Putting aside the cloud of sensational rumours that prevail, certain pointers seem established.

The military direction of the war has passed out of his hands. The triple catastrophe of Stalingrad, the Caucasus and North Africa settled that, and the fact was revealed in the circumstances of the funereal speech he made on his birthday.

Next, note the significant rise of Goebbels. He is now the *de facto* Chancellor. He still slobbers about the Führer, but that is eye-wash, intended to disguise the fact that the idol has fallen, and that he has stepped into his shoes.

But whatever the truth about Hitler, the idol still has its uses. It was in the political field that his astonishing successes were won.

It was by his political cunning that he conquered Germany, and it was by the same cunning that, through Germany, he conquered Europe.

And it is that cunning which is now invoked to save the Nazi conspiracy from ruin.

* * *

For the fact that in a military sense the Axis has lost the war is realised nowhere more acutely than in Germany itself.

This does not mean that German resistance is near the breaking point, or that German military capacity to prolong the war is not very formidable.

But it does mean that if she is to stave off ultimate defeat she must do it by the weapon with which she came so near to her goal of universal victory.

And it is on the political battlefield that Hitler and the forces behind him are now playing their last card.

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"WE have reached a village, but there is only a short respite. The pursuit must go on. . . . Anti-tank guns are placed in position. From the neighbouring heights a hail of fire greets our troops."

Thus the report of a German war correspondent, a member of the front-line "Propaganda Kompanie" which accompanies German troops into action.

* * *

He is not writing of the fighting in Tunisia or the Russian front. His grim message comes from the mountains of Bosnia, where a battle with tanks, dive-bombers, mountain units and big guns rages on the "secret front" of the Yugoslavian guerillas.

Few Nazi papers usually deal with this war. Even Allied papers have devoted little significance to it.

Yet the German *Zeitung of Croatia*, the local newspaper, cannot afford to ignore the large-scale action in the mountains of Bosnia.

Listen to the report of just a few incidents of the battle:

"From his command tent the officer in charge issues his instructions: 'The height across there must be taken!' is his order.

"Tanks are summoned. Dive-bombers roar overhead. The unit creeps up und
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HITLER'S LAST CARDS

★ *He rose by political cunning. He conquered peoples by the same means. Now, Stalingrad and North Africa have shown him that politics don't win battles. So look out for the old trick again*

By A. G. GARDINER

The strategy has two motives. The first is to disintegrate the Allies. The second is to integrate Europe against the Allies.

IF HE CAN DO EITHER OR BOTH THESE THINGS, HE RECKONS THAT HE CAN SO CONFUSE THE ISSUE AND SO DISORGANISE THE ATTACK THAT HE CAN HOPE, NOT FOR VICTORY, BUT FOR A STALEMATE.

* * *

In the pursuit of these two motives he is handicapped by no considerations of policy or principle. He is ready to bargain with Bolshevism on the one hand and with Big Business on the other.

He puts out peace feelers through Catholic Spain, while he butchers Catholic Poland.

He sends a respectable diplomat of the old school to throw dust in the eyes of the Vatican, while he outrages every Christian principle by the wholesale massacre of the Jews.

Here he promises bribes, and there he employs his press-gang to round up his slaves.

In one country he is St. George saving Europe from the dragon of Communism; in another he is St. George saving Europe from the clutches of the Anglo-Saxon plutocracies.

Nor are he and his fellow-gangsters embarrassed by regard for Germany herself. Anything is good enough for her that will save their own skins.

Just as trade unionism was strangled in the interests of Big Business, so now the middle classes and the small traders are being obliterated under the pretence of "total mobilisation."

They are being obliterated in order to complete the enslavement of Germany to Big Business.

A slave nation to ride triumphantly over an enslaved Europe. That is the gospel of Hitler for Germany and Europe.

There is no concealment of the purpose of the destruction of the middle classes. It is defiantly declared in the official organ of the "Schwarze Korps." The middle class, it says, is "a Jewish Liberalistic institution," and it proclaims that "the German middle class is dead—the German nation all the more alive."

* * *

We have had a sharp reminder that Hitler's last cards cannot be disregarded. The main purpose of his new political offensive against the Allies is, of course, to make a breach in the Anglo-American front.

No one who listens to "Haw-Haw" and the rest of Goebbels' hacks needs to be told how ceaselessly their broadcasts to this country are designed to make us suspicious of America.

Uncle Sam is represented as a predatory animal who is using the war to pocket the British Empire.

The reverse of the picture is presented to the Americans, who nightly listen to the revelation of our plots to get the better of Uncle Sam.

This line of attack is pretty hopeless. We have our differences with America, but the bonds that bind our two countries together in this great business are forged of indestructible steel and are proof against all the lies that the Goebbels factory can invent.

* * *

BUT THERE ARE SOFT PLACES IN THE ALLIED FRONT, AND HITLER IS PROBING THEM WITH DIABOLICAL CUNNING AND INDUSTRY.

ONE OF THEM HE HAS EXPLOITED WITH A SUCCESS WHICH SHOULD BE AN IMPERIOUS WARNING TO ALL THE ALLIES TO MIND THEIR STEPS.

I will say nothing about the merits of the Russo-Polish affair except that the trap laid by Hitler was such a booby-trap that it is inconceivable why responsible ministers on either side should have walked into it.

The original yarn was plastered all over with the slimy signature of the Prince of Liars, Dr. Joseph Goebbels.

Its object was glaringly obvious, and it should not have deceived a schoolboy.

One can almost hear the shrieks of delight with which the gangsters saw their trick come off and the simple-minded victims tumbling over each other into the trap.

It would be idle to attempt to conceal

Goebbels still applauds the Führer. But that's eyewash: the idol has fallen and the Doctor has stepped into his shoes

the dismay with which the Allied world has watched this spectacle of imbecility.

With the fate of the whole world at stake, is the Grand Alliance to be imperilled because statesmen haven't the wit to see a flagrant trick or the wisdom to subordinate their private quarrels to the necessities of the great argument?

THIS WAR IS NOT YET WON, AND IT CAN STILL BE LOST. IT WOULD BE A TRAGEDY AND AN INFAMY IF THE VICTORY OF ARMS WON BY THE HEROIC SOLDIERY SHOULD BE TURNED TO DEFEAT IN THE FIELD OF POLITICAL CUNNING.

We have been warned. If the warning is heeded this should be Hitler's last success in his scheme of disrupting the Allies.

The choice is in our own hands. We must hang together or be hanged separately.

Nor let it be forgotten that our wisdom or unwisdom in this matter will react upon the second motive of Hitler's political offensive.

With the collapse of his military schemes, he is hoping to induce the nations he has enslaved and plundered to come to his help in his dire emergency.

* * *

It should be a forlorn hope. As Hitler's star declines, the spirit of Europe rises. All round him the murmurs of oppressed peoples thirsting for revenge and retribution are gathering in volume and momentum.

Wherever he turns he confronts implacable enemies—in Poland, in Czecho-Slovakia, in Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, even in Italy.

Note the happenings in the satellite countries, above all Bulgaria.

Note, too, the new tone of challenge and independence among the neutrals—particularly in the case of Sweden.

If the Allied front stands firm and impregnable, Hitler will weave his spell over Europe in vain. Europe knows that the hunt is up, and it means to be in at the kill.

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...e cover of night. ...e enemy sprays ...bells. The four ... for the attack ...

...nce continues." ...t finished when ... accounts) the ... a furious battle. ... important rail- ... the Nazis hope ... a supply train ...

...goslav guerillas. ...und. ...hes hundreds of ...been posted. ...azis claim to be ... But medical ...y in the report. ... up and collect ... from under the ...

... that fight for a ... already!" One ... sigh of the Nazi ...

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..."The enemy has ...itions. But he ...awing his main ...ountains." ..., the Germans ...age held by the ...t objective. ...t passes. Despair descends on the Germans—until their low spirits are revived by the roar of aircraft.

The commander had called up a squadron of dive-bombers, which roar overhead towards the tiny Croat village which the guerillas have transformed into a fortress.

★ ★ ★

The German troops cheer when they see the bombers summoned to achieve what they failed to do.

Well, the bombers may have done their work. But the Nazis know that just one railway junction recaptured, another village razed to the ground, cannot clear the path for them.

Vast stretches of the Balkans are firmly in the hands of the enemies of Nazism.

Vital, strategic roads are unsafe for Nazi transport.

This is a major war. As events in Africa bring nearer the day of an Allied invasion against the "underbelly of the Axis," the Secret Front in the mountains of the Balkans becomes of strategic importance.

Tank grenadiers, Hitler's crack troops, must be diverted to man it. Planes and guns, sorely needed on other fronts, are tied up. And every day Nazi soldiers pay the penalty of death. The battle goes on.

W. F.

GROWING NURSING HOME RIDDLE

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

AT every hour of the day and night the private nursing homes of this country are in charge of scores of thousands of lives.

Therefore they have a responsibility to the sick and suffering identical with that of the medical profession and the hospitals.

A responsibility to regard the health and recovery of the people they serve as their first and main aim.

The same is true of privately run rest-cure homes, clinics and other such establishments.

Always the profit-making motive should be completely subordinate to the humanitarian one.

But is it?

There is no official control of these privately run institutions, although JOHN BULL has demanded such reform from the Ministry of Health for years.

The result is what you might expect.

There are many thousands of them which are run on the most highly efficient lines by people whose first concern is the care of the sick and injured.

Dr. Squeers' Chance

But there are many more—sometimes run by people no more interested in nursing home practice than any other form of investment—so ill-equipped and badly staffed in consequence that it is monstrous that they should be allowed to receive patients.

Indeed, these are days in which it would be easier for the notorious Dr. Squeers to open a nursing home than another such school as Dotheboys Hall!

There are, of course, many different types of nursing home.

There are luxury institutions in London charging as much as £40 and £50 per bed per week.

These private homes are obviously for the rich. And our views on the care of national health should be well known. We believe in equal access to the best medical skill and treatment, whatever your means.

But without question these homes are efficient.

It is when you come to consider some of the nursing homes provided for people of more slender means that the position appears far from healthy.

Last September the Lord Horder Committee of the Royal College of Nursing appealed to the Minister of Health to suppress "the growing nursing home racket."

Just Watching

It stressed the undesirability of such institutions as I mention, staffed by incompetent nurses and conducted without proper equipment.

What has been done about it? I asked the Ministry of Health. And I was told that the position is being "watched."

Now something more than mere "watching" is necessary, particularly with private individuals seeking to do what the Ministry of Health should have done years ago.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. A. G. Michie, Belle Grove Parade, Welling, Kent, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are welcomed about any matter concerning a scandal or ramp. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

For a concern calling itself "The Society of Nursing Homes (Limited by Guarantee)" has come into the picture.

Nursing home proprietors have recently been receiving its unsolicited literature.

They have never heard of it before, and some have written to me for advice.

It was registered in November last—chief objects described as "to promote, protect and watch over the interests of persons engaged in the conduct of Private Home Hospitals, Private Nursing Homes, Private Clinics, etc. . . . and to do all that is deemed expedient towards the achievement of maximum efficiency."

Although impressive reference is made to the Ministry of Health, British Medical Association, General Nursing Council, Royal College of Nursing, and so on, little or nothing is known by those bodies about the Society's ability to tackle such a vast programme as it outlines.

And, incidentally, none of them will take the responsibility of advising people to support it.

Study of its Articles of Association reveals ambitious proposals which people invited to subscribe should consider carefully.

It is one thing to set commendable intentions on paper: another thing to be in a position to carry them out.

Intending members are told the Society will arrange for collaboration with bodies and associations connected with the nursing and medical professions, and with training and public authorities and hospitals.

Grants, donations or loans will be made to members, and special services and expert advice supplied by "The Council."

Legal aid will be given, books and circulars issued, lectures arranged, local branches established, and so on.

All of which is very fine and idealistic—but what are the prospects of their being carried out without State support?

One-Man Society

Let people invited to send five guineas annual subscription with their membership applications ask themselves that!

According to the literature, the headquarters are at Canterbury House, 8, King Edward Street, Oxford.

But a representative who called found it had no real existence at that address, apart from the reception there of letters for Mr. A. C. H. Douch, the secretary.

Mr. Douch was contacted at 165, Banbury Road, Oxford, where he is proprietor of a nursing home.

In a long interview with him it was seen that he is an idealist. In effect, he *is* the Society.

He admitted the scheme was entirely his own. When asked who "The Council" was, he said they were all people of high integrity and position in different spheres.

And all the time, in his temporary and scantily furnished office in an empty house at the back of his nursing home, he maintained that his scheme was workable and sound.

But later he admitted that, at the moment, he was not only the Society's founder and secretary, but its complete staff as well.

Asked what facilities he had for giving expert, legal-financial advice and so on, he said he personally knew the nursing home profession from A to Z, and if he hadn't the answers he could get in touch with somebody who had!

Well-intentioned as he may be, it is obvious he hasn't the facilities for carrying out anything like the announced mammoth programme of the Society.

In fact, we have been in touch with one or two of the big bodies administratively concerned in the medical and nursing professions, and their considered opinion is that Mr. Douch's scheme is far too unwieldy and ambitious for private enterprise.

In fact, the secretary of one highly reputable nursing association, whose support Mr. Douch sought some months ago, told him after consideration that the idea was absurd in the absence of official backing.

Why shouldn't everyone have the right to such skilful care and treatment?

Mr. Douch was equally idealistic about a trading scheme he proposed some time ago. The aim was to protect consumers against profiteering traders.

Grounds for Fear

His organisation argued: why should identical goods cost different prices at different shops?

He offered, for an annual subscription, a service under which consumers could get goods at the lowest possible prices from their own suppliers.

The aims were just as excellent as some of those he propounds to-day, but the trading scheme petered out.

"I found it was giving me too much work," is his explanation.

So one may reasonably fear, in all the circumstances, that without first-rate organising facilities and strong, efficient backing of some kind, both of which are lacking in Mr. Douch's scheme, history may repeat itself.

DON'T BE MISLED

JUDGING by some of its literature, the Carlton Chemical Company, Limited, of Guildhall Buildings, Birmingham, is a large and important concern. A drawing in one pamphlet, in fact, shows its name standing out in large metallic lettering over two whole storeys of its outside walls.

Colourful circulars state that it can provide a treatment to "conquer" the drink and tobacco habits, and for stiff fees tablets are sold to clients.

One reader who paid for a treatment, which incidentally did him no good at all, and who complained to his doctor, was promptly informed that there is no general cure, but that each case must be treated scientifically on its merits.

This is the only way, of course!

And people should certainly not be misled by extravagant literature headed "Hope" and "Glad Tidings," which magnifies a small and quite unimportant office into what appears to be a large and impressive building occupied almost, if not entirely, by this company.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

WILL RAILINGS COME BACK?

● Long ago travels across America proved to me, years ago, that garden railings spoil the appearance of any village. There, the lawns and flower-beds, undivided by fences, make the gardens almost part of a small park.

Surely after the friendships induced by common perils shared in the war, British neighbours will never want to go back to their old exclusiveness!

Small-town people are so much more matey in the States.

People, though, must not walk across the flower-beds and the grass in order to enter London's parks and the gardens in the squares.

In New York, where Central Park has always been open, they behave better, at least in that respect.

Our parks are railed off, merely because they were once the private possessions of the rich.

MUST WE KEEP THE BLACK-OUT?

● Now that the church-bells ring again—I, unfortunately, live next door to a very annoying set—many ask why the black-out remains.

Well, the Air Ministry experts advise it—and with their reasons we cannot argue. It is very largely to these that we owe our present security.

Besides, coal and electric power are precious. The black-out saves huge stocks of fuel and much manpower.

Certainly the death-rate on the roads has gone up because of the darkness. For that, however, people themselves are to blame. Both motorists and pedestrians share the guilt. It is not the fault of the authorities.

WHY ARE ABSTAINERS PRIVILEGED?

● There is increasing criticism of the fact that non-smokers and non-drinkers escape their fair share of taxation raised for national defence and the social services.

Years ago it was decided—and Parliament has never upset this idea—that tobacco and alcohol were luxuries. That is the reason for the heavy imposts.

Were the duties on these commodities made smaller, such things as food or clothing or travelling might have to be taxed instead, and then there would be a violent outcry.

To-day, when tobacco has to be brought overseas at the peril of other people's lives, it is fair to argue that those who use it—and I speak as a heavy smoker—should pay a heavier duty than in peace time.

Less smoking would release many ships for more essential work.

As for beer and spirits, their manufacture entails the use of vast amounts of foodstuffs. Soon, all the stores of wine will be exhausted, anyway.

Whenever you object to a tax, think for a minute of the enslaved countries and the sacrifices imposed on our serving men. . . .

We at home are lucky.

The address of the Conservative Central Office, referred to in our issue of April 17, should have read: 24, Old Queen Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN MINUTE STORY

By WILL SCOTT

"I'm going to tell him straight. I'm going up to him; I'm going to say. 'Listen, you. You're just a damned old fool!'"

OUR MR. JUBB TOLD HIM STRAIGHT

THIRTY-FIVE years, man and boy, Jubb had been with The Firm. At least, he started as Jubb. He finished up as Mr. Jubb. Our Mr. Jubb.

And for the whole of those thirty-five years he nursed his grievance.

"One of these days," he kept on telling his wife as the thirty-five years went by. "I'm going to tell him. I'm going to tell him straight. I'm going up to him; I'm going to say, 'Listen, you. You're just a damned old fool!'"

That was, of course, The Boss. The Firm was bad enough, but The Boss was awful.

The Boss had about as much idea as a tadpole. No wonder The Firm was still the same size as it was on the day Mr. Jubb first joined it.

Mr. Jubb was glad to be retiring. The Firm made him tired.

Not that he'd done anything about it for years. There had been a time when he'd tried to put some ginger into it, inject some ideas, make it move.

But he'd given that up long ago.

Sometimes he recalled the early days of thirty-five years ago, the enthusiastic days, the days when he had the fire and was prepared to fan it on The Firm's behalf. The days even before Parkin had come along to succeed him at the office-boy's desk.

The days when he was Full of Ideas.

Yes, sometimes he recalled them, recalled the ideas and what had happened to them.

The Boss's cool reception of everything he had put forward.

"Ye—es. . . . Yes, well, of course. . . . Of course, we've got to go carefully, you see, Jubb. . . . I'll think about it. . . ."

Which was all The Boss ever did—think about it. Thinking about it, to The Boss, amounted to putting your Bright Ideas in a dustbin. On with the lid, and that was the end of it.

Why, The Boss had even resented it when he'd tried in the early days to get added efficiency out of the new boy Parkin. You could see it in The Boss's eyes. "All this hustle, you know, Jubb; we've never gone in for it." He didn't say it, but you could tell what he was thinking.

"Damned old fool!" Jubb used to say, going over things with his wife when he got home. "And one day. I'm going to tell him. I'm going up to him; I'm going to say, 'Listen you. You're just a damned old fool!'"

Only, now, if he meant to do it he'd got to be quick about it. This was his very last day with the Firm.

Thirty-five years! The best part of a lifetime. And what annoyed old Jubb, what proved him to have been right all this time, was that now on his last morning, when he looked round for the changes those thirty-five years should have brought, he couldn't find any.

He himself had become old, Parkin had become oldish, and The Boss had become more of a damned old fool than ever. But the place itself . . . well, it might have been back in the pre-Parkin days, when he himself was the office boy and those bright ideas of his had begun to spark.

Same furniture, same desks, same old telephone, same old files. . . . Progress! There was more dust; that was about the only difference.

"And when I think what The Firm might have become if The Boss had only listened to me!" Jubb sighed.

Yes, he'd be glad to be away from it all for ever; away from The Firm and The Boss and the mossy ideas and the unambitious Parkin and the dust and everything.

"At home, retired, doing *nothing*, I'll be more usefully employed," he told himself.

But first—to deal with The Boss. Now, after thirty-five years, his chance had come. No sacking him now if he up and spoke his mind. No threats. No anything.

He'd just tell The Boss and walk out and leave the damned old fool to think it over for the rest of his life.

He laid aside his pen, pulled down his waistcoat, buttoned his jacket and squared what thirty-five years with The Firm had left of his shoulders.

Now for it! ("You damned old fool!")

And then The Boss's door opened.

"Oh—er—Mr. Jubb."

"Coming, sir," said Jubb.

AND with what speed he went; with what joy! ("You damned old fool!")

The Boss told him to close the door of the private office and take a seat. He closed the door of the private office and took a seat.

And then The Boss began to talk, Jubb only half listening, thinking of his own bit when the moment came.

Mr. Jubb focussed The Boss through his glasses.

"Pardon, sir?" he said.

The Boss droned on.

". . . brings changes . . . can't be helped . . . always happy . . . got on well . . . not unappreciated, I can tell you . . . more or less of an institution . . . as a little token of our esteem."

"Pardon, sir?" said Mr. Jubb, coming to earth again.

"As a little token of our esteem," The Boss repeated.

Mr. Jubb blinked. What was the damned old fool talking about? And then his eye caught sight of something pale green on the desk. He stared at it.

"Something to remember us by. Get what you like," said The Boss.

MR. JUBB put his hand out and touched the pale green thing. He picked it up. A cheque.

"Pay Alfred Jubb or Order the Sum of Fifty Pounds. . . ."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Alfred Jubb. But only so that Alfred Jubb could hear.

"Very nice of you, sir," he said aloud.

But the Boss said not at all, and shook him by the hand and hoped he'd live long to enjoy his freedom, and then shushed him out of the private office.

And left him to stand there blinking at the big room where nothing had changed since thirty-five years ago.

Just for a minute Mr. Jubb wanted to weep. He looked at the others. In particular he looked at Parkin.

"Parkin," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Parkin, leaving his desk.

Then Jubb began to drone on in his turn.

"Last day . . . pleasant memories behind . . . all you fellows. . . . Here's a fiver . . . something for yourself and drinks round for the lads . . miss the old place. . . ."

And Parkin took the fiver. And Mr. Jubb, somehow, found his hat. And cleared out before he could make a scene.

Cleared out, after thirty-five years.

Without saying it. . . .

* * *

Parkin sat that night on the edge of the bed and talked to his wife.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather. Left it till right the last minute, then he brasses up a fiver for me and the chaps. A *fiver!*"

"That was very nice of him, dear," muttered Mrs. Parkin.

"Yes," agreed Parkin. "But talk about taking the wind out of my sails!"

He sighed.

"For thirty years, man and boy, I've been waiting my chance to tell old Jubb what I thought of him. 'Jubb, old man, you're just a damned old fool!' Like that. And to-day, being his last day, I thought I'd got him. Chance of a lifetime."

He sighed again.

"And then he brasses up a fiver just as he's leaving! Well, I mean to say, what *could* I do?"

HUMAN MACHINE

MAKING SURE

● It is always good to try. Striving, effort, planning, and then attempting to put plans into execution and turn thoughts into things—these make up the very zest of life.

But too many start a race without any knowledge of their staying power. Too many try without even having any very clear idea of what it is they are trying for.

Whatever you want from life, you should try to get it in the way that is best for you. Because someone else has attained it in a certain way is no argument for you.

You are you. You are like no-one else. You have your own machinery, your own abilities, your own limitations.

You must therefore know yourself thoroughly if you want to do anything worth while; this preliminary look round, so to speak, will save you time and trouble in the end.

"Failure has consequences," said a writer. "If nothing succeeds like success, nothing fails like failure. Failure may permanently injure the *moral* of a man.

"It may render even minor successes impossible in the future. Failure should never be carelessly risked any more than typhoid fever. Nobody is the same after it."

Why risk it for the lack of a little preliminary thought?

NAMES TO TICKLE YOUR FANCY

I HAVE for long been worried by the matter of house agents and their comic names; of how, being born to their comic names, they drift, as the river to the sea, to house-agency as a business; of how, being born with their comic names so far apart, they come together as the steel to the magnet, and ride away in their comic double-harness.

* * *

You never see, above an estate agent's office, the simple legend: "Smith and Brown, Ltd."

If you are a Smith you can become a fishmonger and get away with it. You don't need more than Smith.

But it seems you have to have something special in the way of names if you hope to get sole charge of somebody's keys.

Smith and Brown indeed! You are much more likely to come upon something like "Hearty and Bust, Ltd." Or "Keys with Cowslip and Lively."

Perhaps they don't go into the house agency line because they have been born with special names for it. Perhaps, having been born with these names, there is nothing else for them. Medicine, politics, the stage?

But you couldn't very well send for Dr. Bust, could you? You'd have to laugh. You wouldn't cross the street to see Mr. Henry Lively in "Hamlet." You couldn't very well vote for Cowslip.

Yes, perhaps they are driven into it, like mice into a corner at threshing time.

But even so, how do they get together?

* * *

Lively is probably born in Penzance, Cowslip in Thurso. How, then, do they come to be together somewhere in the Midlands? Why does not Lively stay in Penzance and team up with somebody of reasonable name?

Why never Bullsleg and Smith? Why never Jones and Basket?

* * *

Sometimes one of these astounding pairs will take on a third partner; but even then Smith and Jones don't get a chance. Lively from Penzance and Cowslip from Thurso, operating in the Midlands, somehow manage to team up with Cödsroe from East Anglia.

Is there an organisation somewhere to bring them together?

It seems impossible, but it always happens. Never, never, *never* do you see Smith, Brown and Jones, Ltd.

It's always something like Cowslip, Lively and Godsroe.

House agents and their names; it's a most astonishing affair. I know it's of no importance, particularly in times like these.

But it worries me.

A. G.

SHOULD THE CIVILIAN TAKE A BACK SEAT?

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

IN a totalitarian war the work of civilians is often as important as service with the Forces. The making of munitions, the building of ships, the growing of food, and mining for coal or metals are all essential for victory.

But a widower of thirty-two writes to complain that the civilian always has to take a back seat.

I was happy in my married life, *he says*, but unfortunately I lost my wife a year ago and I should like to marry again.

Although I am well respected both at church and at work, I don't seem able to make the same lucky contacts as I did before the war.

Wherever I go the experience is the same. The girls prefer Servicemen to civilians. Am I destined to wait until the war is over before a girl will go out with me again?

Well the glamour of a uniform has always appealed to girls. Can readers remember what it was like when our soldiers were dressed in scarlet? That seemed to be quite irresistible.

The girls probably don't realise that this widower is seriously looking for another wife.

They think he is out for a little amusement—a dance, perhaps, or a "show"—and in public places they would rather be seen with an escort in uniform. If they knew the truth I don't think he would be lonely much longer.

Girls are not all "butterflies," living for the passing hour. Where marriage is concerned they take longer views than the average man.

A YOUNG woman writes somewhat indignantly about the prejudice which is sometimes shown towards our Allies.

I overheard a conversation in a 'bus the other day, *she says*, which will explain what I mean. One of the speakers was carrying on because Miss So-and-so had been seen out with a foreigner.

I think it's absolutely disgraceful, she said.

Her friend reminded her that the young man was one of Britain's allies, but she was told, "Allies or not, you can't trust a foreigner!"

It was the last remark which annoyed me. Is a man to be condemned as being unprincipled because his language is not English?

I work in an office in a big port and have ample opportunities of witnessing the behaviour of the many different nationalities which gather there, and I must say that the conduct and manners of these "foreigners" often put our own boys to shame.

Surely our Government is not wrong when it tells us to welcome strangers into our land? But an effort at achieving world unity will be wasted if narrow-minded people think like these women on the 'bus.

From what I have seen in various places I should say that these Allied soldiers are being made exceedingly welcome.

In fact, I have had letters from British soldiers complaining that our girls won't look at them when there are soldiers from overseas competing with them!

Obviously, I cannot deny the evidence of insular prejudice which the writer quotes, but I am sure it is not typical of the country as a whole. In small villages everybody is suspect who comes from a town!

That narrow attitude towards people who come from over the horizon cannot survive long in an age of motor travel and aviation.

We shall all grow more cosmopolitan through necessity and in time regard ourselves as "citizens of the world."

NOW for a queer problem sent by a soldier who assures me it is absolutely true.

I lost my mother some time ago, *he writes*, and on the day of her death the clock stopped at the exact minute, and we could not get it to go again although it was not run down or broken. It was a wedding present to my parents twenty-seven years ago.

My father has been alone since my mother's death, and when I was on leave recently he told me he was terribly lonely and was thinking of remarrying.

Barely had the words been uttered when I heard the old clock strike! I told my father and he said I must have dreamt it.

However, I was so convinced that I lay awake for some time until the clock struck again. My father was so astonished that he went down to see for himself, and sure enough the clock was going and went on until next day.

Can you possibly solve the mystery for me?

I have heard many stories of clocks stopping when the owner dies. Indeed, there is an old song about such an incident which many readers will recall.

He's happy in Britain, so are tens of thousands other Allied troops. And why shouldn't they be made welcome?

But the second part of the story is amazing. When the father announced his forthcoming marriage the old clock started of itself!

It seems a very tall story, but the writer vouches for its truth.

It does appear to suggest that clocks are hardly as inanimate as they look, but are in some strange way associated with human lives. I told the story to a scientific friend, but he thought I had invented it.

"Anyhow, it's a good yarn," he said.

RUSSIAN SACRIFICE

THE Russians have watched their golden fields blazing and flaming red, seen their lands of burning cornstalks lighting up their myriad dead. They have made a sacrifice beyond all everyday concept as above the black-scorched Bread-of-Death their charred comrades their guard have kept.

THEY have seen their people unified, and resolute and strong, seen them uplifted beyond Fear with but one will, to right the wrong. Not as brief miracles performed by single heroes rare, but by multitudes wading through the blood of their kinsfolk everywhere.

THEY'VE seen the smudge of their villages like charcoal sketches drawn upon a vast Landscape of War against each sickening dawn. They have heard the grim exchange of Death and Torture too dark to tell, while the Investing Hordes poured o'er their lands like belching spume from the Mouth of Hell.

BUT they'll see a Resurrection which such Sacrifice must achieve; they will mark the new green blades of corn break their earth which they will retrieve. They will see the Star of Stalingrad shine upon History and set a silver Seal of Light to mark their great Destiny.

J. M.

VOICE OF THE

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces! ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

OUR lads in West Africa have no reason to complain of monotony—and they don't. Witness the good humour in the letter written by Sgt. H. Roberts, R.A.S.C., to his sister at Ashes Road, Langley, Birmingham:

On a recent trip we met the Chief of the Somalis. A pleasant little old man, with a sore throat and not much English to speak with.

He begged for a lift, a trifle of fifteen miles—and offered us a couple of cows in lieu of his fare money.

We couldn't accept the cows, but the old boy had his lift.

There's plenty of wild life hereabouts including giraffe, zebra, and buck (we often have one of these for dinner, a nice change from bully beef).

I've seen more camels—complete with humps and sneering expressions—than I thought ever existed. There are here of 'em coming up here for food; but I can't tell you how camel tastes—yet!

I have also seen elephants by moonlight—and that's a thrill!

Recently my officer and myself had settled down for the night on the bank of a dry river-bed when we were awakened by the dickens of a row outside our tent.

We struggled out to find that the noise was due to the arrival of a Mr. Elephant complete with wife and family. They were all shaking palm trees to bring down some food.

Then they became annoyed about something and charged about as if they were the Light Brigade.

So we spent the next hour lighting huge fires to frighten them off. Believe me, they were not more frightened than we were!

Anyhow, we, too, had reason for annoyance. We had not come all the way out to West Africa just to be trampled on by elephants!

LOVE'S QUICK CHANGE

Love-letters by proxy may result in bewilderment, but it's fun while it lasts. A.C./1 D. Greener, stationed with the R.A.F. in West Africa, writes to his brother at Moat Avenue, Green Lane, Coventry:

One of the fellows here is pretty bad at letter-writing, especially to his girl friend, who expects from him a letter full of romance at least once a week.

Always anxious to help a brother in distress, a few of us now compose the letters for him, and I hope his girl is as pleased with them as we are!

Harry, of course, copies them out in his own fair hand, and is duly grateful

ANOTHER GERMAN SECRET HELPS THE ALLIES

DESCRIBING the new Atabrine cure for malaria in a JOHN BULL article on February 13, I revealed how details of the formula were sold to America by the great German dye trust of I.B. Farbenindustrie.

Yet another German wartime sell-out was the secret of the explosive rivet which, it is now learned, is being used in the construction of Allied aircraft.

Both these secrets were sold because of Germany's pressing need for dollars.

The American rights of the German explosive rivet had been bought—but not yet paid for—by the important Du Pont Company when war broke out before details of the invention reached them.

Anxious lest the secret be lost to America, an executive of the company spoke to the German manufacturers over the transatlantic radio-telephone, explaining what information he needed. The manufacturer was just going to reply when a guttural voice broke into the conversation, warning him that he must submit his remarks to the Nazi authorities before making them.

The Gestapo was on the watch.

That was the end of the telephone conversation, and the Du Pont executive assumed that it was the last he would hear of it.

To his amazement, the German manufacturer called by 'phone the next day with all the details required.

The Nazis, sure of their ability to wage a blitzkrieg war, had decided to swap a secret of national importance for much-needed dollars.

It was one of their many mistakes.

For the explosive rivet releases, an enormous amount of manpower for other work.

In some aircraft nearly half a million rivets are used; formerly, the fixing of every one of these rivets required one man at the front of it and another at the back.

But the explosive rivet needs only one man (at the front), for it contains in its stem a charge strong enough to do the second man's job.

The single operator, touching the head of the rivet with an electrically heated rod, explodes the charge inside, which "bulges" the aluminium stem in such a way that the rivet is securely fastened.

If the German authorities knew the number of these rivets which are being used every hour of every day and night in the production of Allied bombers, they would have even greater cause to curse their original greed for dollars!

PATRICK SPENCER.

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Our Mines Go Down at Midnight

THE R.A.F. MANNER—No. 5

★

By WEBSTER FAWCETT

★ *"Last night, mines were laid in enemy waters"—a familiar phrase that hides stories of coolness and courage whose heroes never win public fame. But they deserve it!*

MIDNIGHT. The shadow-outline of an enemy estuary. The hum of the bomber—and voices crisp on the inter-com.

"Flak on the starboard quarter!" . . . "Bomb doors open!" . . . Bomb durrs open!"—this in Mac's rich burr.

"Release load in thirty seconds!"

Dropping the Load

From under the plane comes a gentle bonk. That is all. "Mines were laid last night in enemy waters!"

But that is not all. . . .

Meet Sergeant **Billy Scarlett**, once a shop assistant, and his skipper, Sergeant Ray Wright, once a warehouseman.

Two of the inseparable sea-mining aces of 142 Squadron—Bill a determined Yorkshireman, the other a New Zealand air trainee—they could give you a tip or two on the hazards.

Every mile has its risk—and the R.A.F. puts in 200,000 miles a month mine-laying.

Ray met trouble one night from the flak ships. His machine holed, he was struggling to get away when a night fighter showed up to starboard.

Bullets lunged through the cockpit. A spray of hot steel flicked down his right side, drilling his chest, his hand, his leg.

Ray, dizzy with pain, brought his machine out of a tail-spin—then dodged the enemy.

Over the sea he fainted. Bill gave him a gush of oxygen, and, though he had been trained only as an observer, took over the controls.

He, too, had a serious wound in his right arm . . . but he didn't mention it.

Ray resumed the controls, then fainted again. Bill nursed the bomber homeward.

"Keep your strength," he said when Ray came round. "You'll need it—I shan't know how to land her!"

Taking a deep draught of oxygen, wheeling out of a faint at the last moment, Ray brought her down safely.

Yes, they could tell you a thing or two—but they'll never break 142's reputation of silence.

They have laid mines sometimes in storms that have kept bombers grounded.

Their squadron leader, Pat Sands, D.F.C., faced an urgent job one night. On the way out his radio, intercom and electric system all failed.

The boys froze. The bomb-doors had to be opened by hand. Deafened by engine-roar, messages had to be written and passed hand to hand.

The Job Was Done

Difficult work at the best of times—pin-pointing a position from landmarks, keeping an even keel on the run-up, calculating in fractional seconds.

Yet Pat "accomplished his task."

Another dirty night, when that twenty-one-year-old minelaying adept, Sergeant Eddie Tickler, was out with a bomber, they had to come down to 700 ft. to make sure of position.

Already a turret had been chipped by a flak ship. Now the ground defences opened up in earnest.

In the cool phrasing of the I.O.'s report: *"The bomber was hit in the navigator's compartment, the rear turret, the pilot's cockpit and in the port wing. The flight engineer was severely wounded in the head and became unconscious. Sergeant Tickler was hit in the left shoulder and side, becoming so dazed that he almost lost control of the aircraft. . . ."*

The plane began to dive and the observer, a lad who enlisted fresh from college, had the presence of mind to pull back the control column.

Then, believe it or not, Eddie Tickler kept the plane to her course and the mines were dropped in the correct place. Not till then did he mention his injuries.

His left arm was hanging limply. Still he stayed at the controls.

Unknown Heroes

He brought his ship home, he landed, and he collapsed.

That's the story. And it's the story of so many of the unknowns who steal out to the enemy's shores, laying hundreds of mines in a week—many thousands have been laid since the outbreak of war—crippling Hitler.

The known results one recent month saw Kiel Bay closed for two days, a vital troop ferry stopped and seven ships sunk.

And the unknown? Mines laid in January may still lurk in wait. Supply ships vanish, minesweepers in turn fail to return, night fighters are "absent" . . .

Witness the intrepidity of a Beaufort crew who bagged an enemy plane on the way out, another on the way home

Within a few hours, this mine will drop softly into the sea—a menace to enemy shipping

—and all but sliced up a Heinkel for measure.

Their orders are to fight only when necessary. Evasive action takes precedence.

Sea-Level Dive

Hence the Halifax on a mining expedition a month or two ago which perilously dived to within five feet of the sea . . . till the searchlights lay sidelong over the water.

The guns on the enemy coast stopped firing because they could not be depressed any lower!

The Halifax coolly finished its minelaying and got away.

A Stirling, too, was out recently when an Me. 110 attacked it. The turret gunners turned the Nazi over on its back and lost it. The Stirling flew on, through a curtain of fire from the A.A. ships.

The captain, in peace time a clerk, could smell the shell bursts. He still flew on and dropped his mines. Then, on the way home, a Junkers 88 showed itself a hundred yards away.

"We criss-crossed over each other," the pilot told me. "But for the most part he stayed hiding behind our port wing. As far as we know he never fired at us.

"I knew why when another Ju. appeared on the rear. Each fighter was acting as decoy for the other."

As the plane swooped and droned in evasive action, everything which had not been tied down leapt and rattled over the floor. They came down almost to the level of the sea, a sitting bird silhouetted against the reflection of the moon.

At last they gained shelter in a thin blanket of layer cloud.

The flight engineer, a lad from Lancashire, was also making his first trip.

"And while we were fighting for our lives," said the pilot, "throwing the aircraft in all directions, he kept asking me on the intercom. what revolutions we were doing and what boost I was using. He said he wanted to keep his log up to date."

It's the R.A.F. manner!

I had a peep at the flight engineer's log-book. Every word was written as neatly as if the man had been at an office desk. And then I saw the skipper's report and the P.S. he had added at the end:

"This is considered a shade steep for a first trip as captain."

That, too, is the R.A.F. manner.

TROOPS

Everyone agrees that these co-operative love-letters are not only real literature, but a smashing success. At least, we hope so, for we're not sure what effect they will have on the girl.

You see, the style of each letter differs a great deal according to the temperament of the various writers. Some are plain matter-of-fact narrative, while others are lyrical with "beauty of the night" and "I'm Dreaming of Thee" stuff.

The girl, bless her, may be somewhat puzzled by her Harry's multiple personality as portrayed in his letters, and I can imagine her saying: "Well, he never writes like the same man twice in succession." Or she may think the sun has gone to her beloved's head!

GILPIN THE SECOND

Airmen serving with the Persia and Iraq Forces sometimes take to horse-riding, which is more exciting than flying, according to A.C. N. Griffiths, who tells his mother at Lisvane Street, Cathays, Cardiff:

I have had two mornings at horse-riding and the second session gave me more excitement than I had reckoned.

We were returning our horses to the owner and were walking them through the main street of the town when my animal suddenly bolted down the street at full gallop. My topee flew off and there was I, hanging on like grim death, shouting "Whoa! Whoa!"

But the horse didn't seem to understand my language. The harder I pulled on the reins, the faster he went.

As this happened in a crowded street, the natives flew in all directions to escape the thudding hoofs of my charger.

One native thoughtlessly left his barrow right in the middle of the road, and over the barrow went my horse like a Grand National winner. Strangely, I did not come off his back—at least, not then.

One of the African chiefs who delight in begging lifts from our Army trucks in exchange for a cow or two

We were still going at full pelt when his hoofs slipped and down we tumbled. Believe me, I was on my feet again as quick as the horse, more or less undamaged except for bruises to one knee, both elbows, hip and shoulder.

The horse must have been O.K., because it disappeared in a cloud of dust. I must try a wooden one next time.

READER'S VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

LORD WOOLTON should fix salad green prices now, before the ramps of preceding years get into stride again. —Mr. A. Race, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

So actors want their Sunday rest! As a waitress at a West End restaurant I work ten hours on Sunday—and many of our Sunday customers are well-known actors who have loudly protested against Sunday opening!—M. Bacon, London, S.W.1.

★ ★ ★

I wanted a 2-lb. loaf at 4½d., but was told that they only had milk bread at 5½d. Is this a new racket, and why waste milk in bread?—T. Ellis, Wolstanton, Stoke-on-Trent.

★ ★ ★

South African stamps have been reduced to half their size. Couldn't the same thing be done with ours, and so save paper, dye, etc.?—Miss C. Whittaker, Kington, Herefordshire.

★ ★ ★

Having paid a shilling for a cod's head, the kind which fishmongers used to give away for the cat—I boiled it, but even the dog refused it. I wonder what happens to the other part of the fish?—"Housewife," Staffs.

★ ★ ★

Careless pedestrians ask for trouble. We have "Careless Talk" warnings; we need "Careless *Walk*" warnings.—J. E. K., Stoke-on-Trent.

★ ★ ★

A friend answered the call for part-time workers, and started work at a factory. At the end of five half-days' work she was paid 11s. 6d.! Sweated labour?—H. G. E., Keighley.

And YOU will find YOUR ideal tobacco among the Six FOUR SQUARE blends. They are all just pure matured tobacco with no artificial scent or flavouring.

FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

WINTER'S BLACKOUT GONE-

Step out into Spring!

Spring! How you've longed for it after the long Winter blackout. But to enjoy Spring to the full you must rid your system of Winter Acids. Stuffy rooms; lack of exercise, fresh air and sunshine: all cause your system to be far too acid. You feel off colour and listless. There is one sure way to rid your system of these Winter acids. Take a few doses of 'Milk of Magnesia.' It will cleanse your blood, banish sluggishness and add a new zest to life. Obtainable everywhere.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (Regd.)

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

HERCULES CYCLES

IN PEACE AND WAR

The famous Black Watch Regiment on parade with their Hercules Bicycles.

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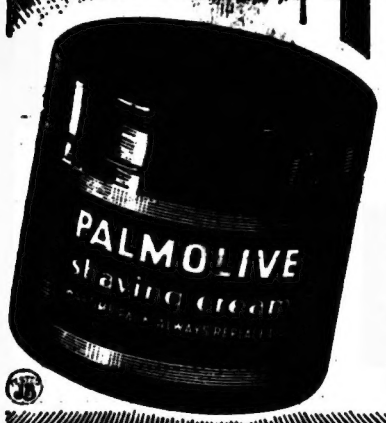

Its rich, olive-oil lather gives the double luxury of a smooth shave and a soothed and comforted skin. Softening the beard in one minute, its strong bubbles — which last at least ten minutes — keep bristles erect for the razor.

PRICES 1/6 & 2/6
Including Tax

Backache

may be due to SLUGGISH KIDNEYS

HELP to keep yourself fit by taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills immediately you are distressed by backache, rheumatic twinges, urinary and bladder troubles, gravel, disturbed rest or aching muscles and joints.

These torments are often caused by excess uric acid and other harmful impurities in the blood. Doan's Pills bring relief in such cases by stimulating the sluggish kidneys; they help to flush out the millions of tiny tubes which comprise nature's filters, so enabling them to filter these impurities away.

Every Picture tells a Story.

Many thousands of grateful people thank Doan's Pills for freedom from backache, lumbago, rheumatic complaints, urinary and bladder disorders.

1/3, 2/3 (inc. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

Good Health for Good Work!

'ASPRO' will help you!

You MUST be WELL to be 100% efficient

Illness may be half illusion but it's harmful, all the same, and a big hindrance to the nation's productive effort. Some are laid up—others carry on, but with reduced efficiency because they cannot get into the "getting well" frame of mind. Pain, sleeplessness or nervousness distract their minds and Nature's healing powers haven't a chance to function. That's where 'ASPRO' steps in and gives nature the help it needs. 'ASPRO' rapidly dispels pain, colds and feverishness—soothes the nerves and brings sweet, restful sleep to the sleepless. The mind is active and alert once more—it becomes a positive factor for good health. Natural healing forces are strongly reinforced and before you realise it you are well.

'ASPRO' ACTION is QUICK, SAFE & SURE

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

'ASPRO' HER BEST FRIEND

Miss CONSTANCE SPENCER of 23 Bank Gardens, Penketh, Warrington, writes:—"'ASPROS' have been the best friend I ever had. Without them I should not have been able to put in all the long hours I do at my work, for you know Canteen work is not easy, though I am still going strong at it, and we are seeing fresh faces every day, so you can be very sure I lose no time in telling them about the wonderful good your 'ASPROS' do me. I will close my letter now, again thanking you, and wishing you every success."

SLEEPS "LIKE A TOP"

MAURICE ATKINSON, of 13 Furness Park Road, Barrow, writes:—"After a long 'lay-off' from activity 'ASPROS' have done more to steady my nerves than anything. I may add that at night I am never without my 'ASPROS'—result is I sleep 'like a top'."

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks.

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1 TABS 3½ 2 TABS 6½ 13½

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